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No Napoleonic Chess Player on An Air Cushion

Zangwill's Idea Is False—Why Chess Playing
Stunts GENIUS

Mr. Zangwill's keen intellect, straining hard for striking pictures and word effects, sees falsely the great general of the future. He says:

"The Napoleon of the future will be an epileptic chess player, carried about the field of battle on an air cushion."

In this condensed, picturesque fashion Mr. Zangwill expresses sentimentally a number of mistaken ideas. He thinks that the game of war is like the game of chess, and that the future world conqueror will be a great chess player, using men as pawns and the world as his chess board.

He observes the curious and interesting historical fact that of the world's great conquerors many, including the two greatest, Napoleon and Alexander, were afflicted with that mysterious disease, epilepsy. He concludes that the great general of the future will probably be a confirmed epileptic.

The ability of a fighting man today resides largely, of course, in the brain. The general's MUSCLES no longer count as a fighting factor. His battles are won or lost inside of his SKULL. Mr. Zangwill concludes that the future great general will have a mind developed to an abnormal extent at the expense of the body—he sees in the future world conqueror an abnormal creature, a giant brain perched on a miserable, wasted body, so feeble and delicate that it must be carried about the field of battle on an air cushion to prevent shocks.

The quotation from Zangwill which we print above contains only twenty-one words. Rarely have so many errors, so many fundamental yet plausible errors, been crowded into so little space.

The Napoleon of the future, the great conqueror, will NOT be a chess player. The real Napoleon whom we know had no love for chess or any other waste of time, or any other form of self-indulgence.

Chess is no game for a Napoleon, or for any other man who wants to embody real accomplishment in the story of his life.

CHESS IS A WEAK GAME, FOR IT ADMITS ALL KINDS OF RULES AND ALL KINDS OF FORE-ORDAINED IMPOSSIBILITIES.

The man who makes the world's great success will not be bound by rules. The great men of the world are great because they refuse to ADMIT impossibilities.

The man who plays chess has two knights, and these knights he can only send two squares in one direction and one square in another, or one square in one direction and two squares in another. His two bishops can only move diagonally across the board, one on the white and one on the black. His castles lumber along on straight lines. His king cannot be touched or taken, and the game ends when the king is in fatal danger. The queen, in the dull game we call chess, can do almost anything.

But Napoleon was really a great man, and the game of life that he played was very different from the chess game.

When the king was in hopeless danger, Napoleon's game had just begun. Others before him had looked upon kings on the board of life as the chess player looks upon the wooden or ivory king before him.

But to Napoleon kings were pawns, to be moved around and made ridiculous. When he felt like it, he made pawns into kings.

Napoleon's game deprived the queen of all power—she was less than a pawn. HIS game sent the bishops hopping back and forth, diagonally or at right angles, as he saw fit. He created knights to his heart's content, and he taught them to move as he wanted.

Napoleon was great because there was nothing of the chess player about him. He did not admit of regular, fore-ordained moves on the chess board or on the board of life. **HE REFUSED TO CONSIDER ANYTHING IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL HE HAD TRIED IT.** He tells us himself that he deserved credit for crossing the Alps, not that he accomplished a difficult feat, but because he refused to believe those who declared the feat impossible.

If anybody said "Check" to Napoleon, he kicked over the chess board and began a new game of his own—that was what surprised the poor, dull old Austrian generals in Italy.

No; the real great man is no chess player, he has no chess player's mind. And do you, Mr. Reader, waste no time at chess, if you have any idea of being WORTH WHILE in a big or a little way.

The Napoleon of the future will be no epileptic. That terrible disease has afflicted many of the noblest intellects, and it is undoubtedly a disease brought on, or at least intensified, by great intellectual activity and a lack of co-ordination between the mental and physical operations of the body. But some great men have been great, not because of that terrible disease, but in spite of it. Science will conquer that trouble, as it has conquered others, and the scientist to do this work will be, himself, one of the world's great men.

The Napoleon of the future will be no huge-brained dwarf, with feeble body, carried on an air cushion.

It is true that many great men of today are relatively small in body. The gigantic muscle, thick legs, broad shoulders, and hairy chest of the successful Viking have nothing to do with modern achievement.

But it is also true that today, as always, the healthy mind lives in a healthy body, and lives ON a healthy body.

As well expect to find the most perfect fruit on a withered, half-dead tree, as to find the most able brain in a with-

(Continued at Bottom of Last Column.)

The Safest Investment of All



The Voice of the Crutch

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(In this poem, with its dreary refrain, Ella Wheeler Wilcox emphasizes the horror, misery, and deformity that will outlive this war. Children will laugh, and young men and women of the next generation will forget. But for long dreary years the crutch with its thump, thump, thump will sound throughout the land.)

I AM the voice of the crutch,
And over the whole world's noise
The new world rising from blood stained dust
And ashes, and smouldering ember—
Over earth's paen of hopes and joys,
And its reborn faith and trust,
My voice shall be saying "Remember."
With my thump, thump, thump, I shall say to the world, "Remember."

I shall thump my wearisome way
Down over decades to be;
My voice will be heard for three score years,
A dissonant note in life's measure.
A jarring refrain in its song of glee
That will change youth's laughter to tears,
And shadow its moments of pleasure
With my thump, thump, thump I shall shadow earth's moments of pleasure.

All over the whole wide world,
As I thump out my note of pain,
The cry of the maimed and blind and deaf
Shall into a chorus swell it;
For the voice of Peace cannot utter a strain
That shall drown war's story of sin and grief,
And mine is the task to tell it.
With my thump, thump, thump, I shall go through the world and tell it.

I shall tell the story of war,
And murder and lust and wrong;
Of deeds too dark to be given name;
Of children sired by a saber;
And a hybrid race will join in my song,
While a sad world listens in shame
As it bends to its peaceful labor.
With my thump, thump, thump I will sing to it in its labor.

I would hinder the growing world
As it hurries along in the race
And builds for beauty and peace,
From thinking of war as glory.
I would have it look war in the face
With a horror that cannot cease
Through knowing the truth of the story.
With my thump, thump, thump, I will tell to the last that story.

Elizabeth Jordan Writes on Having Imaginary Ailments

THE other day a well-known woman walked into the consulting room of one of Washington's leading physicians. She was a superb-looking person, clear-complexioned, bright-eyed, and carrying herself with a regal air. But she greeted the doctor, who was an old friend, with a surprised statement.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm scared to death."

The doctor did not seem surprised. Apparently he was accustomed to such announcements from his visitors.

"What about?" he asked, easily, as he shook hands and seated her opposite him.

"Myself, of course. My health."

The doctor smiled. "You don't look as if you had anything to be alarmed about," he said, comfortingly. "But what's the matter?"

The woman drew a deep breath. And now, studying her closely, he saw the panic in her eyes.

Thought She Had Three Fatal Ailments All at Once

"Please don't laugh at me," said the woman.

"It's serious. I think I've got cancer, cirrhosis of the liver, and Bright's disease."

"H-m-m," commented the doctor. "Well, I'll promise you one thing, if you've got all those diseases, I won't laugh! But I don't think you have," he added, placidly. "Where's the cancer?"

"In my nose. It's been troubling me for weeks. The inside of the tip is so sore that I can hardly touch it. Look at that first, please."

The doctor looked at it.

"I'm going to laugh at that," he announced. "Then I'll cure it for you in twenty-four hours, and you can laugh at it, too. You have a few hairs inside the nostrils and you've been pulling them out with tweezers, haven't you?"

The woman blinked as if dazzled by a blinding light. Her face was radiant.

"Why, yes," she admitted, "I have."

"You're not the only one," the doctor told her. "A lot of my patients have come to me with the same trouble. I'll burn it out for you, and you can forget about it. Now about the cirrhosis of the liver. Let me see your tongue."

She submitted the tongue to his inspection.

"Better looking than the average," said the doctor—"much better. I'm afraid you'll have to give up your cirrhosis, too. But we'll see."

Time for Doctor and Patient to Laugh Together

He made a careful examination.

"Liver a little torpid. Absolutely nothing else the matter with it," he declared. "Your friends are going to save a lot on floral pieces this year. But I forgot! You have Bright's disease, too, haven't you?"

"Well I thought I had," smiled the woman, still a little breathless in her relief.

The doctor took her blood pressure.

"Well," he said, "judging by this record, and by your complexion and eyes and heart action, you're as free from Bright's as from the

other things you thought you had. He looked at her curiously.

"What made you think you had all those things?" he asked. "You haven't any of the symptoms."

"I thought I had the symptoms," insisted the patient. "I suppose it was imagination. They're the diseases I've always been most afraid of. And I've been rather tired and nervous lately—so I began to think about them."

The doctor nodded.

"You needn't go on," he said. "I know the vicious circle our thoughts take. You are only one of half a dozen patients who have been in here today with the same kind of panic and practically a clean bill of health. By jove," he mused, "if a way could be found to check the imagination of human beings, we doctors would lose three-quarters of our practice. There's nothing whatever the matter with you but tired nerves."

He gave her a simple tonic and some good advice, and sent her away happy. That night, as it happened, she died with me, and later, told me of her experience.

"I haven't been so happy for years," she said. "I feel as if I had been lifted from the grave. I was so sure I was going to die that I arranged all my affairs. And oh, the mental anguish of the past two months!"

"But it was all so unnecessary," I exclaimed. "Why didn't you go to a doctor at once?"

"I was afraid to," she confessed. "I thought it meant putting my death warrant into words."

I know one man, a splendid, athletic type, who temporarily experiences all the symptoms of any

Three Live Topics

Commissioner Nesbitt Goes to a Most Important Post—The Capital Traction Company Makes Another Wage Increase—Fire Old Trees Destroyed to Make Way for a Stucco Shed.

By EARL GODWIN.

Congratulations to the Treasury Department on receiving Charles F. Nesbitt into its fold. Mr. Nesbitt, who has been Superintendent of Insurance for the District of Columbia for four years, takes up a vitally important war work as Commissioner of Military and Naval Insurance. In this position he will administer the greatest and most comforting pension system ever devised. The word "pension" is used for want of a better one, for under this new insurance for soldiers and sailors the old pension, with its graft and politics, dies out, and a truly democratic and meritorious system comes in.

Charles F. Nesbitt has been a splendid Commissioner of Insurance for the District of Columbia. He brought that office out of the dusty gloom into which it had fallen by a combination of circumstances, and has left the imprint of his forceful personality upon those affairs of the District government which fell under his jurisdiction. He is a man of ideas; not afraid to speak them. In his new office, which is one of the most important in the Government, The Times wishes him well, and believes he will cover himself with glory.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and it is on that principle that the Capital Traction Company announced an additional increase in the pay of its 600 trainmen and all other employees. This is the second increase the company has granted in recent months. It is a move which will make even the most rabid and unreasoning critic of street railway corporations pause and admit there is a human way to administer a corporation, and that cold-blooded efficiency is warmed and vitalized by the touch of friendliness which is always in evidence where there is a chance for the employee to share the profits. The Capital Traction Company has recognized the increased cost of living and the course pursued by its officers has not only averted a strike, but has made a strong link between the employers and the employees. We commend this course of action to the attention of the Washington Railway and Electric Company.

There is something pitiful in the tree stumps left by the ruthless sawyers who have cleaned up a wide space between Sixth and Seventh Streets, from the Mall to the Medical Museum. For a lifetime those trees have been the friends to thousands of men and women, particularly to many old residents of Southwest Washington. They have been removed to make place for a temporary wooden building to house thousands of clerks who will be employed in governmental war work. The news of this is found elsewhere in The Times today.

Can it be possible that there was no other space in all Washington? Were there no vacant spaces where trees were not growing? It seems that there are thousands of square feet of land on which there are no buildings and no trees.

The promise to plant other trees in other places does not replace these old friends who have been hacked away to give room to a wooden shed with a stucco exterior. A tree is one of nature's beautiful miracles, while the wooden shed which is going to be raised bids fair to be one of Architecture's Greatest Nightmares. Let us hope that before long the Government will follow out the plans laid down for Washington by competent advisers, so that the proper Government buildings will be erected on spaces prepared for them, and that no more trees will be hacked away.

HEARD AND SEEN

I see by the papers that General Major C. Fred Cook, one of the Pershing has been given a private railroad car so constructed that an automobile can be taken on the trip. As Sherman said—Also let Rudyard Kipling revise his banjo poetry in the verse which says a piano cannot be carried up the Nile.

In a clever letter to this column, Smith D. Fry suggests that the Fourteenth street car rush could be alleviated somewhat if the crowd that tries to reach the office promptly on the minute of 9 o'clock would start earlier and try to get down town by 8 o'clock.

E. C. Brainard suggests that now is the time for a revolution of all present methods now employed by "nearly all the retailers" in food stuffs to effect a complete new deal until the period of "under nourishment is over."

I earnestly call to your attention the suggestion for a Liberty Loan Slogan which has come to me. It is "Subscribe to Beat Hitler." That's exactly what the situation demands, for if we do not beat the Germans, hell will be a mild term.

"Tiny" Burr, so called because he is about 6 feet 4 inches in height, wants every member of the Truck Owners' Association to go to the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Major Pullman is going to get down to cases on the subject of truck drivers and traffic, and a whole lot of good is bound to come out of the meeting. In real life "Tiny" is A. D. Burr.

Anyhow, it's a good bet that the mysterious stranger who put out T. R.'s eye got an awful wallop in return.

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(Continued from First Column.)

ered, half dead body. The blood is the life of the brain, and unless a HEALTHY BODY supplies HEALTHY blood the brain's chance is small.

Napoleon, it's true, was at one time a physical wreck—BUT DON'T FORGET THAT HIS GREATNESS WAS ALSO A WRECK AT THAT TIME.

The GREAT Napoleon operated in a body tireless and powerful enough to remain thirty consecutive hours on horseback. It was a body so powerful that criminal neglect and stupid ignorance of the laws of health were powerless against it for many years.

The Napoleon that went to St. Helena dwelt in a worn-out body, a fat, degenerated perversion of the Napoleon that conquered the world.

The great conqueror of the future, ladies and gentlemen, will be a splendidly original brain, working through a perfectly developed body, AND WORKING FOR THE MASS OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THEIR WELFARE, NOT FOR THEIR CONQUEST AND OPPRESSION.

All of which is respectfully submitted to our readers for discussion and criticism.